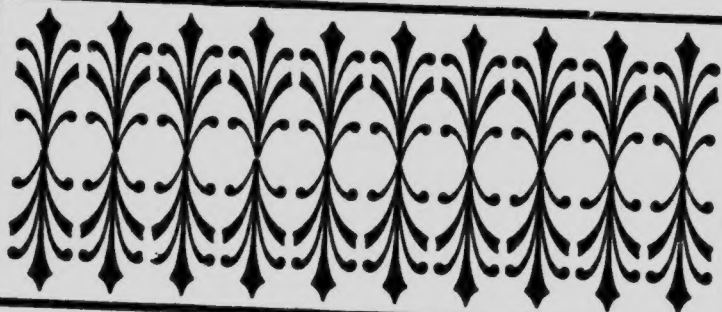


Poetry . . .

By an old Presbyterian.



MM C MM II.

PS 8475

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Lines Composed by Lachlan McKenzie, Lochcarran, on the
Death of His Sister.

Rev. Lachlan McKenzie was not a common Christian. It was a common saying in the north of Scotland that he was a prophet, on account of his prophetic remarks. Though dead he yet speaketh, as his name there is as fresh as ever with the people of God. The following piece of poetry he composed on the death of his sister.—J. B. McRAE.

Great King of Saints and angels bright
Who once did dwell in clay,
Our battles once didst bravely fight,
And thou hast gained the day.

For us a place thou hast prepared,
A city great on high,
Bright palaces and mansions fair
Beyond the sun and sky.

No man or angel can describe
The joys that there abound,
Friendship is there and happiness
In full perfection found.

Let thought and fancy take their flight
As far as each can go,
And these describe infinitude
Such as they find below.

Description fails and boldest thought
Falls short of what is there.
Who can describe their infinitude,
Their glory who declare !

Blessed glory, light and happiness
And purest life divine
Are found within their palaces
And in Thy courts do shine.

Rivers of pleasure and of joy
And living fountains flow,
On every side the tree of life
For food and health doth grow.

The angels, e dest sons of light,
Loud hallelujahs sing,
And all the elect multitude
Exalt their Lord and King.

Salvation, that delightful theme,
Does all their harps employ ;
This fills their souls with ecstasy—
This fills their hearts with joy.

My dearest Mary, you are now
Among the chosen race,
You joined your voice with those that say
Salvation is of grace.

Oh! voice of triumph and of joy,
When shall I hear the sound,
When shall I see Jerusalem,
When shall my joy abound.

Oh! blessed Jesus shew thy faith,
And give us grace and love,
Give us new obedience
And fix our thoughts above.

Oh! blessed Salem, glorious place,
Where all the elect meet
And saints and seraphs throw their crowns,
Sweet Jesus, at their feet.

This is the city of our God,
The paradise of joy,
And to prepare us for the place
May our life employ.

Oh! Jesus, wash us in thy blood,
From sin our souls set free
And send the angels at our death
To bring our souls to thee.

No tongue can tell nor eye hath seen
The riches thou hast in store,
And if I see thy beautiful face
My soul would ask no more.

Lines on the Death of an Only Daughter.

This death sadly we do mourn
For the only virgin we did love,
She used to blossom in our eyes,
Now breathless in her coffin lies.

Some time past she said to me :
"I shall soon die and go away."
Now your body lieth low,
But your soul doth live in praising God.

Twelve years hath passed by
As a weaver's shuttle used to fly,
Now your soul in sphere anew
Where sin or death won't trouble you.

Now you joined the Heavenly choir
With their hearts before the throne,
Praising God for evermore
Through endless eternity.

My dearest Bella, you are now
Among the chosen race,
You joined your voice with those who say
Salvation is of grace.

Your meekly looks, your smiling eyes,
Lie silent in the dust,
But your soul doth brightly shine
As stars doth in the night.

Oh, blessed Jesus, shew Thy face,
Make us to realize,
Set our thoughts above the earth,
Above the sun and skies.

Oh, Blessed Dove, create Thy love
And bring our souls to Thee ;
May Thy Gospel and Thy law
Be as a guide to me.

With the spouse do I say,
Who shall O compare to Thee ?
Thou art the Rose of Sharon,
Thou set the captives free.

As far as east is from the west,
Our sins thou casts so far,
And in the fountain of Jesus' blood
Thou forgets them ail.

With the thief upon the cross,
In mercy, Lord, remember me,
May our sins that are so great
Be cast behind Thee in the sea.

Now with thy servant of days past, .
Lord write Thy law upon my heart,
To be a compass and a chart
And lodge my soul where John did rest.

J. B. McRAE.

Wolves in Sheep's Clothing.

These are the class, they'r lifted high,
Fill their eyes, fill their hand,
They'll preach you sermons like St. Paul
By giving money in their hands.

Where now are our Knox's brave,
And them reformers in their days
That stood the truth for Jesus' sake
And suffered death for conscience sake ?

Now for filthy lucre's sake
Hireling preachers preach for gain,
They aim for money for their gain
Whatever Paul or Jesus says.

These are the Demases of old,
They mount their pulpits in robes of gold
They are Gehazis in the fold,
Their hearts like putre mould.

When God Jehovah's purchased fold,
The dross shall fly to weepless woes,
Polluted lips that used to praise
Shall stand with shame and be dismayed.

If my lips are rather bold,
God's select ones, refined as gold,
Whatever dross their hearts behold,
The blood of Christ will purge the gold.

J. B. McRAE.

Reflecting on Past Gospel Days.

No tongue can tell, no eye hath seen
The riches that are in store
For all those redeemed ones
That Christ purchased from woe.

Often I do think
On the springs in Caledon,
Where Thy servants often preach
And souls would greet with joy.

The blessed word from his lips
Would move the hearts that kneels to sleep,
That used to feed his flock with bread and
milk,
And Gospel days were always bright.

Lord, for Thy mercy's sake,
Be pleased return the former days,
So that my hoary head in olden days
Revive as corn in dewy days.

When the messenger of death
Shall call me from this earth,
Do show by Thy gracious hand,
Receive me to my Saviour's arms.

As long as I see moon and stars,
Be Thou Shepherd on my path.
May Thy rod and staff be in my hand,
And welcome death to Emanuel's Land.

What shall I render to the Lord
For all his gifts to me,
For all the bounties in Thy love
Thou hast bestowed on me?

Ten and eighty years I have seen
Thy bounteous hand was ever free,
Now I set my anchor in Thy mercy's sea
For time, for death, for eternity.

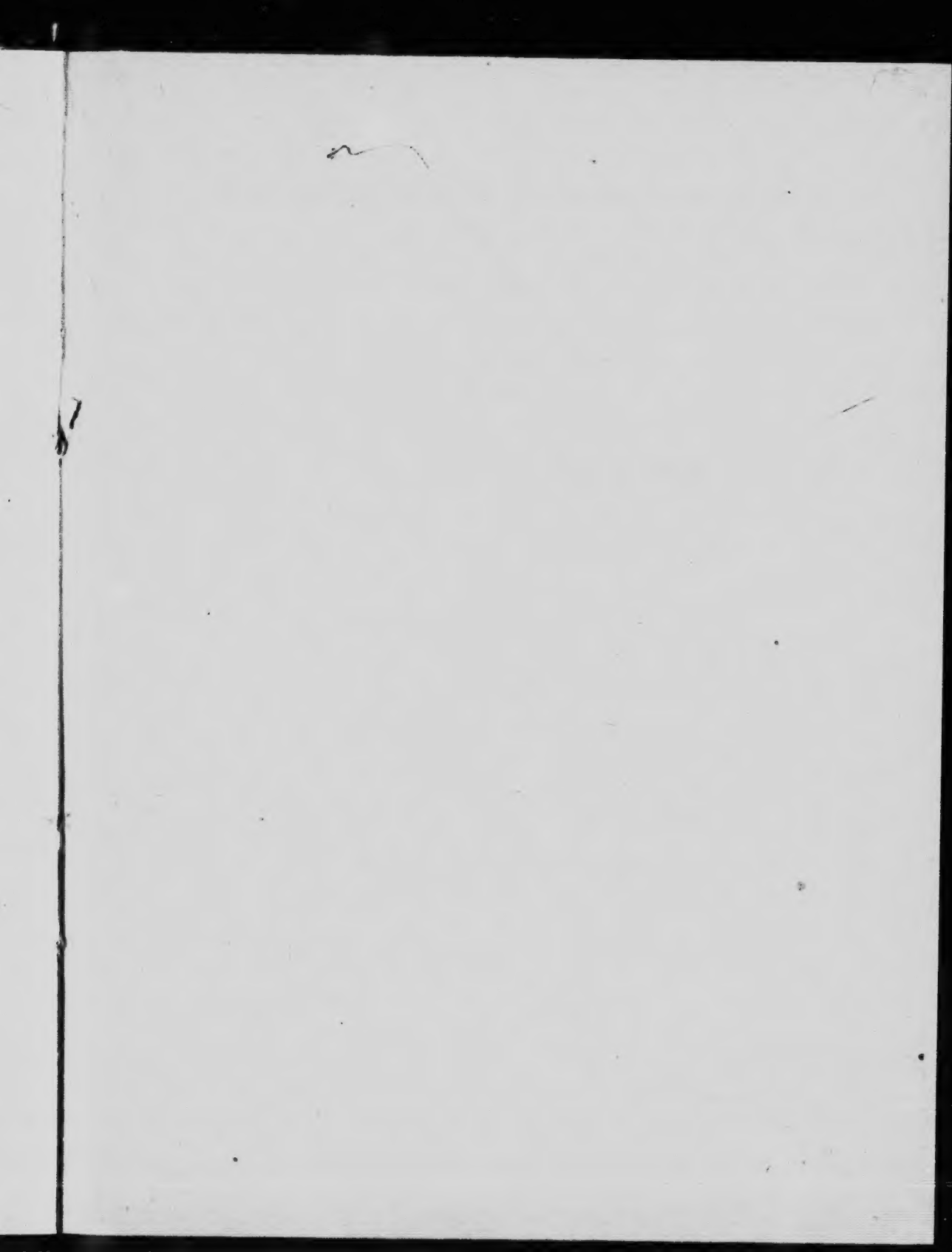
Lord, hasten the days to come
When all the blind shall see,
When all the nations of the earth
Shall worship unto Thee.

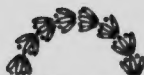
Happy will the people be
When peace will reign from sea to sea,
And David's home will flourish well
And happy they shall be.

Then Jews and Gentiles hand in hand,
Shall join the blessed choir,
And holiness on horses bells
All singing praise to Thee.

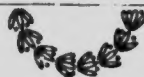
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J. B. McRAE.





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